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**IOSEPH PENNELL'S  
LIBERTY-LOAN POSTER**



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PRINTERS, WITH NOTES, AN INTRODUCTION  
AND ESSAY ON THE POSTER BY THE ARTIST,  
ASSOCIATE CHAIRMAN OF THE COMMITTEE  
ON PUBLIC INFORMATION, DIVISION OF  
PICTORIAL PUBLICITY



PHILADELPHIA AND LONDON  
J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY  
1918

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## THE POSTER

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**N**OW that all governments are using posters, now that all advertisers are mostly misusing them, it might be well to consider what a poster is, or should be, what its history is, or has been. A poster is a subject, or object, so all about us that we look at it, if effective, remember it, if vital, talk about it, and if it has these qualities it fulfills its mission, and it should live if it is a work of art, but it usually disappears, though future ages will hunt up some of our posters.

But it is scarcely realized that the poster is the oldest form of artistic expression—dating from the cave dwellers—from him “who stayed with the women and scratched strange forms on the walls of his cave” or drew them in the wet clay of a pot, that all might see and understand the doings of the warriors, the hunters or the gods.

The greatest poster designers were the Assyrians and the Egyptians—and their posters, carved or painted, though there was only one copy, were not only understood of the people of the time—but are now the most valuable and realistic records we possess of those times.

Not only did the people know what they represented—but we know—and so a great poster tells its story—usually without words—for all time.

And this poster art was employed by the Greeks on the Frieze of the Parthenon and by Michael Angelo in the Last Judgment in the Sistine Chapel. The Church, and to a lesser degree the Governments, were the greatest patrons always—not only the Roman Church, but all churches—in all times till our own—when the people having learned to read, poster making was mostly given up or given up to mummers and circuses.

But from the beginning of Christianity the people got their ideas of heaven and hell, the Madonna and the saints, devils and demons, God and Christ, not from books or preachers, but from posters called altar pieces, windows, carvings and shrines, and they understood what they saw and feared or loved what they looked at, for the subjects were real to them. And they saw the posters in the churches, the temples, the town halls, the graveyards, by the road side—and they understood them. Then came the easel painter with his portraits—and his history and his stories. But these were for the rich and the noble—the people

never saw, unless they looted a palace or destroyed a gallery—as they are doing in Russia today, as they did in France in the Revolution.

With the coming of the artist, as we know him, art left the people. And the artist occupied himself more and more with his patrons, who were the rich. He rightly occupied himself with technique—for the greatest artists have always been the greatest technicians—but for the last hundred years artists, and I refer to all sorts of artists, have thought either less and less of subject—or else more and more of the subjects of the past—till finally a hero could only be shown in a toga. A landscape could only be the background for a classical composition—and it is with work of this sort that our museums and galleries, the graveyards of dead art, are mostly filled.

The apprentice system of art education was also abandoned—and art pupils and art schools arose. In these, even to this day, the subjects for school competitions are either classic or landscape and figure—there is nothing of our time or our life to be got out of them. And so frozen has this system become, so galvanized, that it is a crime to look at things around us and render them, whether they are realistic or historic. If historic it was past history—if realistic it was the realism the artist faked in his studio from books, costumes and models.

True, some artists tried to carry on the true tradition—but even if successful at the end, their lives were mostly spent fighting their fellows to prove they were right. Then came another phase—its followers say it was an outgrowth, a development—cubism, futurism and all the other isms.

This had its highest development just before the war, and as a distinguished German artist said to me going round a German exhibition in June, 1914:

“Something terrible is going to happen to us, for our art is as decadent as that of Greece and Rome before they fell.”

The cubist appealed alone to himself and his patrons, the people knew nothing of him or his propaganda—or laughed when they saw it or gloated over its indecency, and the war swallowed it up. The artist, too, had been living more and more apart, more and more with his patrons—or hanging on to them, or ignoring them, showing in galleries where the people never went.

And when there was a great exhibition of art so far removed were

the people from the pictures that generous young ladies and unemployed young persons would personally conduct the good people through the halls, patiently explaining subjects they were utterly ignorant of; but they had the teachers of art and the critics of art to fall back upon and quote as their own, and the fact that the teachers and critics were equally ignorant did not matter. The people neither knew nor cared, and if they hadn't a docent, they had a Baedeker.

"Now then buy a catalogue or you won't know what you are looking at when you see it," a young person at the St. Louis Fair used to chant. And then came the war, and there are no more docents and no more guides and few exhibitions.

\* \* \* \* \*

There was also the craze for murals, and the history of the world was ransacked to cover good white walls with real oil paint while the subjects around us were never treated on them. What did the old men do? They recorded the history of their own time on the walls of the town halls of their own town and in the stained glass windows of the churches of their city.

\* \* \* \* \*

But with the invention of printing a great change came over art, it was multiplied, and though the artist's audience is no larger, for great works of art in public places are always to be seen, still by means of the printing press more people can see a work of art at once than ever before. And this is why the poster is used—and with the developments in reproduction and color printing—which have come about in the last fifty years—we have the chance of not going back to primitive subjects and primitive methods, but of carrying on tradition and once again bringing art to the people. The poster, like the old religious painting, must appeal to the people—the people gorged with comics, and stuffed with movies, and fattened on photographs. And in a few cases it has appealed—because the subjects of those designs which have appealed are known to and understood by the people and by all the people—whether they are unlettered or whether they are cultured.

And to do this the artist must be highly trained technically—and possessed of ideas and ideals which he can express so well that the printed design alone is seen. The lettering—the legend—is often noth-



ing—sometimes confusing—but it may be an inspiration to those who can read the language in which it is printed. But the new poster, like the old fresco, must tell its story without words.

And now today, in an unexpected fashion, something in art has come out of the war—not something new, but a revival, a carrying on of tradition; again artists are working with and for the government of their country, again they are at work for the people—at work which the people can understand, for if they cannot it is worthless. And so out of a clear sky has come all over the world, in the midst of horrors of this horrible war, a renaissance of art, and it is now the part of the artist to carry it on. I know not what the people think of the symbolic designs—I know the cultured love the sentimental—but I know that the best of the realistic subjects have not only been printed by millions—but treasured and framed by thousands. I know that one design so appealed to the people that whenever it appeared it was hacked and stabbed to pieces—not torn stupidly—but deliberately—the greatest triumph for the artist. Yet his fellows insulted him because, in trying to make it true, he had used another man's work, as he admitted. But again, as I have said, the artist has found himself, the governments have found him and the people have found him, and all that remains is that he should carry on—for art will go on forever—and if again as in the early ages, in the renaissance, art again becomes a part—a real part—of all our lives—a great thing, a good thing, will have been born of this villainous, vandal war. And if the artist after the war will continue to work with the people and for the people and if the governments will commission him—in the right way to do so—good will come from evil.

But it should be remembered, it must be remembered, that in this country it was the artists who went to the Government and proved by their work which they gave freely, and for their country, that they were a power, and though the Government has now acknowledged this—

Still it was the artist who brought about this revival—and to make it real we must give our work, our best work, our life work, for art is our life—to our country and then the art of America—through the war—will be real and living as it never has yet been. As it now has a chance to be.

## INTRODUCTION FOURTH LIBERTY-LOAN POSTER

**I** HAVE put this book in the Wonder of Work Series because—it is a record of work—and because drawing, engraving and printing are wonderful, and it was wonderful to be able to do something at this time for the Government, something that may in its way help to end this wicked war—for all wars are wicked.

I have been much honored by the United States Government in having two designs accepted for Liberty-Loan posters. The first was asked for by the Pictorial Division of the Committee on Public Information, not designed for it—it had been published some time—and then accepted by the Treasury as a poster, and I hope the million copies issued did good.

As for the second, the idea came into my head on my way back from New York, where I had attended a meeting of the Committee on Public Information, at which the Loan was announced and the posters asked for. I made the sketch on the train, carried it out on transfer paper when I got to Philadelphia, and put it on zinc plates, printed it, and went West, and it was not till months after that I heard it had passed both the juries in New York and Washington, and was to be used as one of the posters for the Fourth Loan. This book is a record, an explanation and a demonstration, stage by stage, of the manner in which a poster should be made, the manner in which this was made. But posters are rarely made in this manner, and by this method in this country, for the reason that most of the artists who have given their work to the Government, at the call of the Government, are totally ignorant of the art of lithography or totally indifferent to its technical methods and requirements, while some lithographers are equally ignorant, wholly artless or governed by their workmen and business managers, though all are doing their best to help the Government, and I hope some day we may all be working intelligently together for the Government.

The fault in the first case is that there are no technical schools—or only one—so far as I can find out, where lithography or any of the other graphic arts are taught in the United States, and though almost all art schools, or schools where art is taught, include what they are

pleased to style "Poster Art" in their courses, no instruction whatever is given in the technical methods of making a lithograph—that is, how the drawing is to be made, what colors to use and how they are to be used. There are no printing presses in the schools on which the student may prove his design and see the effect of it. There are classes in lettering, but from many of the posters it is evident that either the students are not given proper models to study, or if so, they pay no attention to them. In this book, therefore, I propose to describe the methods which should be employed and show the stages through which the design must pass to become a lithographic printing surface, for most posters are lithographs—and mine are lithographs—though some designs are reproduced by wood cutting, photo-engraving, the three-color process and rotogravure. In the smaller versions mine were so reproduced—or the attempt, without my knowledge, consent or approval was made to do this—and the result was a failure—a failure running into millions, which was inevitable, because the design was never intended to be so reproduced, and I was never consulted in the matter. And this brings up another aspect of the case. After the artist has acquired a practical working knowledge of lithography, he must work with the lithographic printer, and the more he does the better should be the printed result. But unless the artist is technically trained, and can use his training, the lithographer will not be bothered with him—will not allow him in the printing office—and the trade unions, too, will try to keep him out. Work, however, in these times has become so subdivided and specialized by craftsmen, most of whom are merely imitators and copyists, that the original artist is crowded out—and no matter what he knows, or does not know, the faults and imperfections in the printed result, which he usually had no part in making, are invariably blamed on him by the printer, who could not create it, and cannot copy it, or properly print it, for they, too, the printers, owing to want of artistic training, are at times ignorant or incompetent—and failure all around is the result. The only way to avoid this is intelligent coöperation between the artist and the lithographic printer, and to get this both must be trained. We should have a National School of the Graphic Arts in this country supported

by the Government, as almost every other country in the world has—or had.

It might be well to state briefly what a lithograph is before describing the method of making it.

It is a drawing made on, or transferred to, a flat surface, stone or metal, which absorbs and repels water and grease. The surface of the stone or plate is neither raised nor lowered, as in all the other graphic forms of reproductive printing, and the print—made by chemical action alone—is a multiplication of the original, and not a reproduction of it. It is so direct and simple that it has been grabbed by commerce and prostituted by companies. The drawing made with greasy chalk or ink on the surface of the stone or plate, or transferred to it, is then washed with gum-arabic and water, damped again with water, inked with more of the greasy chalk, mixed with varnish and so made into ink, which adheres only to the design on the stone or plate—the water repelling the ink from the undrawn-on spaces. It is then washed with nitric or other acids and water—and finally in the hands of professional lithographers, submitted to a number of processes, most of which are unnecessary, and the rest damaging—though labor saving—and art losing, but standardized—and anything standardized is sterilized.

If the design survives this brutal treatment, the stone is again damped and again inked. A sheet of paper is placed on it and both run through a specially designed press, and a print—a multiplication of the original—comes off on the paper, while the design remains on the stone; and the repetition of this same process of damping, inking and printing duplicates the original design, and is lithography.

The usual way of preparing this printing surface in this country is for an artist—if he wishes color work—to make a drawing or painting in water color, oil, or pastel without any thought of the lithographer, of whose requirements or methods he is utterly ignorant—never having had an opportunity to learn them. If he wishes a drawing in black and white, he makes it in charcoal, pencil or Indian ink, which are all useless in lithography. When these drawings or paintings reach the lithographer, he turns them over to his photographer,

who photographs and prints them in lithographic ink on the stone, or hands them to a professional lithographic artist—a copyist—who redraws them on the plate. As copyists, some of these men are wonderful, but the result is almost always a travesty—at the best a copy of the artist's design—and no copy ever approached an original. The artist never sees his work at this stage—and would not recognize it, if he did—and the lithographer may never see the artist's original, only a copy or photograph of it, and many a printer would not understand it, as he has no knowledge of art whatever.

The correct method of making a lithograph is the following:

The artist must make his design in black lithographic chalk on the stone or a metal plate, or on paper of the size it is to be printed, any sort of paper, not too thick and without too much size in it, may be used. In the latter case it is transferred to stone or metal by the paper on which it is drawn being dampened and passed through the press, when the grease in the design leaves the paper and adheres to the stone or plate; and the design must be made with the greasy lithographic chalk, which may also be dissolved, and used as a pen line, or wash, but nothing but lithographic chalk, ink or wash can be employed.

If the design is to be printed in black and white the method of proceeding is that which I have described. If in color, the black drawing on the stone must be inked with still more greasy ink and transferred—that is, printed on to as many stones or plates as the artist desires colors. This is done by printing copies in very greasy transfer ink, on equally greasy paper, and then transferring—that is running through the press—these prints to other stones or plates. These are then washed, etched and inked in black, and when ready to print the black ink is washed off and ink of the required color is rolled on each, in the required place, and the whole color design is formed in color by repeated printings from the different stones. This is the method of color printing described in detail in this book.

When the United States wished to make public its wants, whether of men or money, it found that art—as the European countries had found—was the best medium. As Doctor Garfield recently said to me, “I can get any authority to write me a column or a page about

Fuel—but I cannot make everybody or even anybody read it. But if I can get a striking drawing with or without a legend of a few lines, everyone who runs must see it.” That is the whole secret of the appeal of the poster—and by the poster the Governments of the world have appealed to the people, who need not know how to read in order to understand, if the design is effective and explanatory. This Government’s first incursions into art, however, like those of the European Governments, were scarcely fortunate. They contracted with lithographers and engravers to furnish them with so many prints. The artist was never considered—I am not sure the authorities were aware that the artist had anything to do with making the lithographs, as they simply ordered so many thousand copies. The first results were, save in Italy and France, mostly lamentable—they certainly were in England and here. Later in this country and, I believe, in France, eminent artists volunteered their services—and despite the lithographers who “wished to manufacture the whole job,” the posters and other prints improved at once, and now we are getting, occasionally, posters worthy to rank with those of Europe. But even yet the bulk are artless—and not till the scope of the Committee on Public Information is enlarged, not till an artist is again appointed secretary, not till an artist of ability and experience is made Art Director of the United States, and he is aided by a practical engraver, a working printer, a photographer who is not artistic, and a business man who won’t assert himself in anything but business, and a Government representative, will we obtain the results we are capable of giving to the country. To this committee all the Government Departments should come as they have been coming to our Division of Pictorial Publicity, and we should submit designs, make estimates for printing, carry out the printing and turn the finished prints over to the departments. They should have a voice in accepting or rejecting each subject which they commission—but they should leave the rest to such a National Art Committee and it is only thus the best art can be obtained. Naturally, however, incompetent artists, cheap engravers, art photographers, quick printers, busy lithographers and friendly politicians would object, and their representatives would object—but the country would be delighted and



astonished at the excellence of the results and the reduction in the price of good work over bad, for there is as much business amongst artists as among business men, yet the artists are giving their work to the Government, lithographers making fortunes out of it. And the Government—as the European Governments have—should establish a technical training school run by this Committee. This is as necessary for the art of America, as West Point for the art of war.

The Government should hold exhibitions at home and abroad, organized by the Committee, and the Committee could generally, with subcommittees to aid it, look after the nation's artistic welfare—and if we don't get such an organization, and get to work at once, we had better stop talking about competing artistically with other nations for work after the war, or even now. There is already in the United States a Commission of Fine Arts created by an Act of Congress and its members appointed by the President. This Commission at present confines itself almost entirely to the architecture of Government building and the carrying out of the scheme for decoration at Washington. It is only necessary, therefore, that the scope of this Commission should be enlarged and a committee or division, such as I have outlined, appointed. The Committee, too, is already in existence and has been at work for over a year for the Government—the Pictorial Division of the Committee on Public Information.

I wish to thank the Committee on Public Information, especially the late Assistant Secretary, Mr. H. Devitt Welsh, for help in preparing this poster, and the Ketterlinus Manufacturing Company for allowing me to make the experiments which led to the production of it. They printed one part of the edition and Messrs. Heywood, Strasser and Voigt, whom I must also thank, the other. I wish, too, to express my indebtedness to Mr. R. W. Emerson and the Committee of the Treasury who accepted the design, and allowed Messrs. Lippincott to have an edition for this book.

PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 28, 1918

JOSEPH PENNELL

## LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

ORIGINAL SKETCH FOR THE POSTER	I
DRAWING FOR THE POSTER	II
MAKING THE BLACK TRANSFER	III
THE RED PLATE. PRINTED IN BLACK	IV
THE RED PLATE. PRINTED IN RED	V
THE PURPLE PLATE	VI
THE TRIAL PROOF	VII
THE PRINTED POSTER	VIII
THE ROTOGRAVURE	IX



**I**  
**ORIGINAL SKETCH FOR THE POSTER**

## I ORIGINAL SKETCH FOR THE POSTER

**I** WAS—as I have said— returning from the New York meeting of the Pictorial Division of the Committee on Public Information, to Philadelphia. At this meeting it had been stated that there would be a Fourth Liberty Loan, and a competition among the artists of the United States for posters to announce it, and as I thought the matter over, the idea on the opposite page came into my head, and I jotted it down in my sketch book, on the train, with a lithographic pencil, and though the bridges are in the air the design otherwise has scarcely been changed. We are told nowadays by people, who mostly know nothing of technique, nothing of craftsmanship, nothing of practical work, nothing really of art, that the idea is everything. The idea is nothing; is a hindrance, and a drag to an artist, if he cannot carry it out, if he has not command of his tools and his trade—and many artists in this country have never been properly taught, and possess neither. So they leave the difficult part to others and get left themselves as a result.

Whistler has been accused of saying that a work of art should not have ideas, nor preach a sermon. He never said anything of that sort. He said that it was a crime for incompetent duffers to palm off their bad drawing under a cloak of cheap ideas, on a sentimental and soulful world of ignoramuses. No artist ever objected to ideas, to subject—even to sentiment or pathos, so long as the work in which these ideas happen is artistically expressed. My idea was New York City bombed, shot down, burning, blown up by an enemy, and this idea I have tried to carry out.







## **II**

# **DRAWING FOR THE POSTER**

## II DRAWING FOR THE POSTER

A FEW days after my return to Philadelphia, I determined to enter the competition and to have my idea printed in lithography, and submit the lithograph to the jury in New York, instead of the finished drawing they asked for, and then if it passed, to the Treasury Committee in Washington, the final judges, though I am of the opinion that all the designs should be judged by a National Committee of artists and craftsmen, on which there should be a representative of the Government.

To carry out my ideas, I got from Messrs. Ketterlinus, the lithographers, a large sheet of tracing transfer paper; I got all the material I could find, for I have repeatedly drawn the Statue and New York from the Island, and from every point where they tower over the Bay.

Alas, most of my sketches are locked up in London and I may never see them again!

But with my memory—a mostly uncultivated artistic asset—and what documents I could find, I carried out my idea on the transfer paper, making the drawing in black lithographic chalk, the only material to be used, for I was commencing to make a lithograph. When the drawing was finished on the transfer paper I took it to Messrs. Ketterlinus and they transferred it to a grained lithographic stone, in this way. The back of the drawing was damped with a sponge dipped in water, or it was laid between damped sheets of paper in a blotting book, and it was then placed—face downward—on the stone, which was put on the bed of the press and both were run through it. The grease in the chalk left the drawing, under the pressure of the press on the sheet of paper, and adhered to the stone, the black color in the chalk, which is only used to allow the artist to see his work, remaining on the paper. The print on the opposite page was made from the drawing after it had been run through the press, and the grease had left the paper, and it adhered to the stone. Apparently the drawing had not been changed, but more or less of the grease had gone out of it. But





I had the drawing on paper to compare with that on stone, and could make any corrections I wished on the stone at this stage of the making of the lithograph. The work on the stone was rather weak, and I strengthened it in places by drawing on the stone with the chalk. When I had finished, the drawing on stone was a multiplication of the drawing on paper, the only real difference being that it was reversed on the stone. This was the first stage of making the poster. When I reached this stage I asked the firm if I might use their men and their presses and try to carry the design out, and send in a print to the jury, instead of the drawing asked for. Permission was granted. I went ahead, but at every step I was told I could not do what I was doing, that the color would not print, and it would all have to be redrawn by "the boys" in the shop and it was impossible anyhow. I must admit the art manager, though frightened, did not despair. With difficulty difficulties were avoided and the print came off. But I know that even now some printers do not believe I did it as I did, and, though it was accepted and is now being printed by the million, that it was done in my way at all. Such a thing had never been done before, so it could not be done—even though it was done, for in art we are more conservative than any other nation.

The bridges had not been added in this drawing, but were drawn in later on the plates.





### **III**

## **MAKING THE BLACK TRANSFER**

### III MAKING THE BLACK TRANSFER

AT this stage the difference between the way an artist, who knows the art of lithography, and the duffer who usually can't even draw, works, becomes evident. But even if the duffer can draw and paint he is still a duffer—an even greater one, for he makes a finished design, in oils, pastel or water color and leaves it to its fate, and the photographer and the professional lithographic artist, who between them copy the design, into black and white, on the stone—though the duffer's design may never have had any black in it.

But the few artists who have learned to make lithographs, learned how to carry out their black and white drawing in color, yet the design must be drawn in black lithographic chalk, just as the Japanese make their color prints. The artist must know what colors he wishes his poster to have, how many of them there are to be, and how they are to be arranged. He must know exactly what he wants and work out his color scheme before he starts. I determined on two colors and a sheet of tinted paper to print them on. The drawing on the plate was inked with a much more greasy black transfer ink, and printed on a very sensitive sheet of transfer paper, by being run through the press in the usual manner. I made four of these transfer prints—for until I should see the print in color I was not sure that I might not want a third or fourth printing, or spoil a transfer. All the four prints looked just alike, and I selected one for the key block; that is, the print which should give the design in strong color lines. This was again transferred to a grained zinc plate by running through the press, appearing there in the proper orientation.

**IV AND V**  
**THE RED PLATE**

#### IV AND V THE RED PLATE

**I** CHOSE another transfer on the paper, and decided I would use this for the prevailing tone of red. And I got a tone, in black ink, all over the design on the transfer paper—and this design in tone on the transfer paper was put, like the first one, on another plate. I am not going to tell how I did it, at present, and not a soul, out of the two printing offices where I have worked, knows. I don't see why I should tell the lithographic manufacturers my secret, my re-discovery of what I believe is the way the early lithographers made the tones we wonder at in their prints—but, well, after all, as Whistler used to say, "The secret is in the doing it," so I will tell it. I took a soft piece of rag, poured some turpentine on the printer's ink slab—which he inks his plate from—rubbed the rag in the turpentine and then in the black transfer ink, made a wash and with the inky rag, using the design in line as a basis, a guide, painted tones on the sheet of paper, in wash. This washed paper was then transferred to another zinc plate and I had my design, in line and tone. Mind, I had to do all this myself—no printer could do it for me. But this is not the way I do it now—I have a better method.





When the design in black on paper was transferred to the plate, I further corrected it, with chalk, with wash, painting with the rag, and I also scraped and rubbed lights into it; but it was a weird-looking thing, as all color prints in their progressive stages are. Then the printer inked it, etched it, washed it out, inked it again in black and printed it, and, as it seemed to be right, washed off the black ink.

And the color stage began. He inked the plate in red, in pure vermilion—and pulled it through the press—printing it on yellow-toned manilla wrapping paper—several copies of it, in that color, and each copy looked like the one opposite. The effect of the vibrating red ink on the yellow paper was charming, but there was no defined drawing and if published like this would have paralyzed the people; but even in this stage a few artists who saw it liked the design. Register marks were made on the plate for the color printer, to show where the different sheets of paper should receive the different colors and make them fit together, and it was done. Register marks are crossed lines drawn on the top and bottom of the design on the stone. When printing proofs pins are stuck through the paper, so that the sheets which receive the successive colors fit properly.









**VI**  
**THE PURPLE PLATE**

## VI THE PURPLE PLATE

**T**HE transfer for the purple was treated in the same fashion, that is, proofs were first pulled in black as with the red plate, though not rubbed with the rag, and the design in purple—simply deep red and deep blue ink mixed, though we tried various tones and strengths till we got what we liked—was printed on the same yellow paper; for to properly print a lithograph in color, the artist must mix his colors for the printer. The printer usually will make the purple on the stone by printing a red, and then a blue on top of it. This requires two printings and two stones. The artist can do it in one. This purple print shows the drawing, and was printed after the red, and in Heywood, Strasser & Voigt's print the two colors alone were used. On this yellow paper, beside this, the printing was done on a single two-color press at one operation, the yellow paper first passing over one cylinder, from which the red was printed, then over another for the purple, including the lettering. This simplified method was their suggestion. Messrs. Ketterlinus used four presses, one for the yellow tone printed on the white paper, a second for the black lettering—and two more for the red and purple. They printed the design from the lithographic stones flat, Heywood's from aluminum plates on a cylinder press.





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2 B

THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE



## **VII**

### **THE TRIAL PROOF**



## VII THE TRIAL PROOF

**W**HEN the red and purple prints were dry, we took the purple plate, inked it in purple, and by the register marks placed the red print on it—in the press—and ran it through. The purple line gave the design to the red tone, and it was one of the simplest lithographs in color ever made—two colors and a sheet of yellow wrapping paper. We tried printing the purple first and the red on that, but it was not a success.

The print was rough and crude, and did not register properly, but it was taken to New York, mounted, lettering drawn on paper was pasted beneath it, and my name written on it and the Committee's stamp added. As soon as the proof was pulled I left for the West—the jury met and the design was passed by them. It was then taken to Washington and passed by the Treasury Committee, and then bids for the printing were asked for by the Government. And I heard when the lithographers and printers arrived and looked over the designs—and my print was placed with the others, which were, I understand, all drawings—done mostly by people who knew nothing of lithography—most of the lithographers thought mine a drawing, too, so well had the proof been printed by Ketterlinus, and an estimate on the cost of redrawing it on stone, and doing all over what had already been done was worked out—the most awful joke and giveaway on some members of the American lithographic trade that ever happened.

In this connection, I would point out that some printers never take the trouble to look at an original or keep it before them, or even a proof, as they print. And it is only by referring to the proof, or the original, that good work can be done. Otherwise, the workman bungles blindly.



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The lettering drawn beneath the print and the text of the legend are not mine. The lettering I succeeded in having changed, but the legend remains. The spirit of it is inspiring like its author—but in relation to my design, meaningless. I wanted,

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YOU  
WILL SEE THIS**

placed under it—that would have told—would have explained. But it was changed. The Committee, having passed the drawing, put in the corner its label or trade mark—it was cut out. I wanted one line in red—again this was refused. I wanted to—and think I have the right to—have my name legibly placed under the print, the only return I receive. But in the rotogravure the printer made it invisible, and made the number of the poster quite plain, but placed it incorrectly, and I was passed by in favor of the printer, who wrote me that his travesty of my design had been O. K.'d and that the color of it was found entirely satisfactory. In fact, I was completely ignored.

The artists of this country have given their services freely to the country. The printers of the country have been paid. The artist is an unfortunate necessity, some of the printers have got to learn that they are an unnecessary evil. If American artists had any backbone they would educate the Government and try to educate even printers. But they won't, for they, the artists, neither know enough nor dare enough to do so.

This reproduction was made by the three-color process.

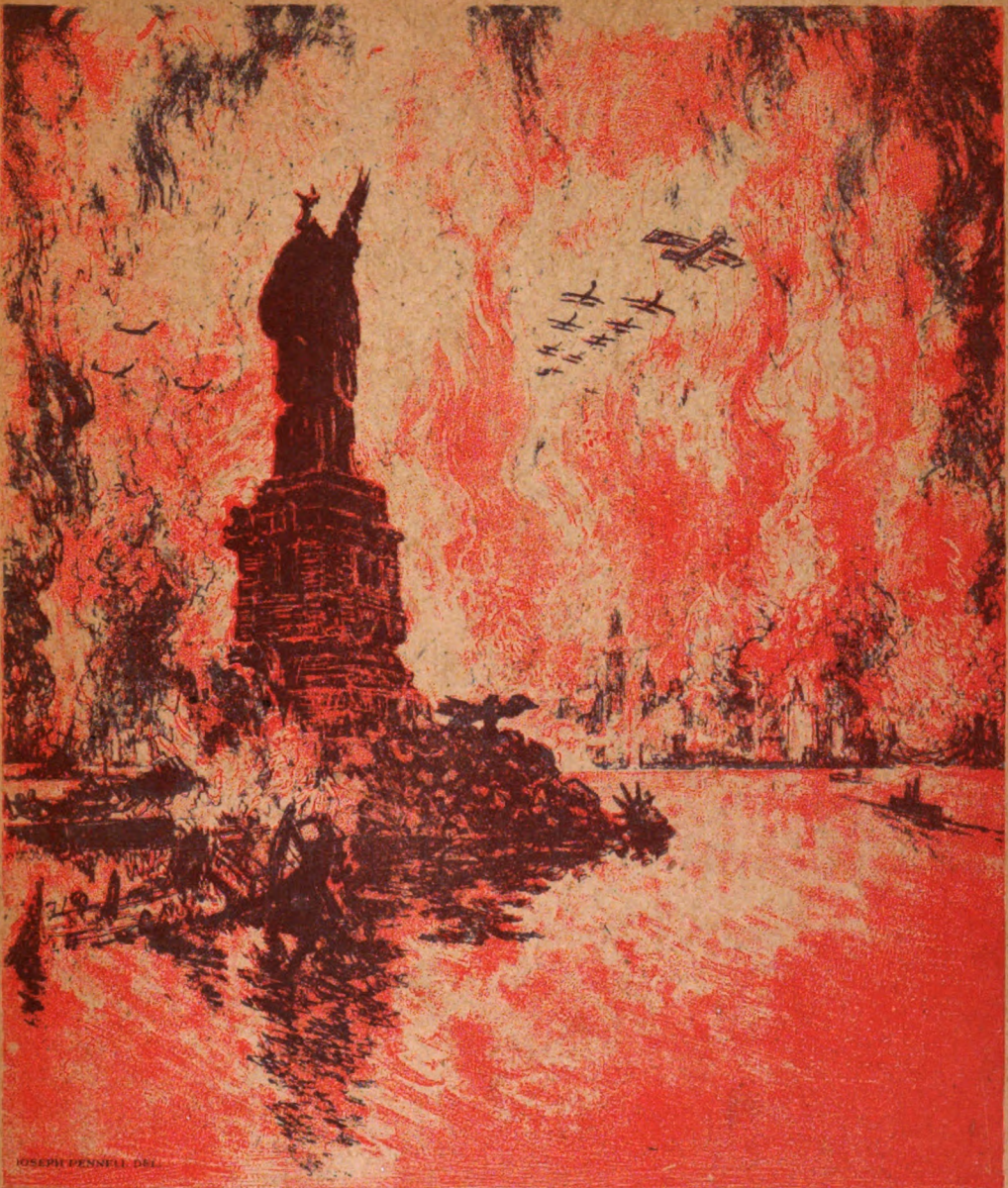


**VIII**  
**PRINTING THE POSTER**

## VIII PRINTING THE POSTER

**B**EFORE the poster could be printed, the red and purple designs had to be transferred from the zinc plates by Ketterlinus' method to four sets of stones, and these stones placed on the flat beds of the steam presses. From the first came the yellow tint printed on the white paper, from the second the black lettering, from the third the red color, from the fourth the purple, one printed over the other. In each press there were two copies of the different parts of the design, and these parts were printed, one after the other, and the design thus passed through four operations before it was complete. Messrs. Heywood, Strasser & Voigt transferred the designs to two aluminum plates, each holding two copies. One of these plates was the red part of the design, the other the purple with the lettering beneath it. These were bent and fastened to the cylinders of a press of that form and printed on yellow paper at one operation. Not only was the method much simpler and quicker, but the result was far more satisfactory. Both printers worked from transfers made from the same stone. My whole idea was to simplify the work for the printers, and I succeeded in doing so. Another thing which I also did was, as I have said, to arrange the colors so they would print more or less like a mosaic, to mix them before they were applied to the stones and plates, and not get them by mixing through repeated printings, which is the usual fashion. Messrs. Ketterlinus feared, however, that they could not get the paper and then that it would not be possible to print on it. But Messrs. Heywood proved that it could be done, that it was simple and practical. Artistically, the poster must stand, or fall. But technically it was in the printing one of the most interesting of the experiments and experiences of my life.





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REYNOLD BRASSER & TONY LINDGREN







This reduction was made by photo-lithography, that is, the print was reduced by photography and printed on the stone—then treated as a lithograph and save the trial proof (and the rotogravure, an etching process), all the different illustrations of the processes of making the poster were done in this manner, and they give a fair idea of the method in its different stages.



**IX**  
**THE ROTOGRAVURE**

## IX THE ROTOGRAVURE

**T**HIS was an attempt made to do two things; to render a design made for printing in two colors by one; and to bring the poster in a reduced form before the people. The first was a failure; the second may have been seen by millions, but I fear they did not think much of it.



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ALCO-GRAYURE, INC., N. Y.

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# **“The Princes of Germany are Shaking Dice for the United States”**

By HERBERT QUICK

We must buy bonds to the last cent of our ability because our country is fighting for its very life. Make no mistake, citizens of America, the crisis is just that—we are fighting for our very life.

We must fight this war through. We must fight it through to a peace, the basis of which will be written by us and our Allies.

Germany must not write a single clause in the Treaty. She must be whipped until she will sign a treaty, every word of which will be drawn by the Allies. Germany must not be allowed to dot an “i” or cross a “t.”

Why?

Because Germany has become nothing but a robber empire, a murderer empire, an empire every purpose of which is the enslavement of the rest of the world. Such purposes admit of no compromise. We must conquer or die. If we do not conquer, we shall nevertheless die—and die slaves.

Germany began with the intention of robbing France of her iron, her coal, her best land and her great factories; of making Belgium, with her rich mines, great cities and immense factories, a part of Germany; of gaining the Belgian Coast from which she might conquer England, and of combining under her flag the hordes of Mohammedan Turks, and all the Balkan States, so that she might train soldiers in countless millions, build navies to sweep the oceans, and conquer the world.

This war was to be a step toward world conquest.

If we do not fight the war through to complete victory she will still keep on and she will succeed. She will surely succeed!

Russia with her nearly 200,000,000 people lies prostrate at Germany's feet. Germany could now give up the Balkan States, give up Belgium, force Austria to yield up the Italian territories, give up conquered France, yes, she could give up these, and even Alsace-Lorraine, and if allowed a free hand in Russia she would still have won a victory greater than any of which she ever dreamed at the beginning of the war.

Give her control of Russia, and she can and will within a few years come back with power to take back Alsace-Lorraine, crush poor Belgium once more and destroy exhausted France, sweep every vestige of resistance from Europe, Asia and Africa, and then what?

Then she will thunder at our doors—from Asia she will invade us on the west, from Europe on the east, and from Mexico on the south.

If Germany has control over the terms of peace, we who read this will live to see one of the Kaiser's six sons Emperor of America.

The time to whip Germany is now!

It is now or never!

The Princes of Germany are shaking dice for the United States.

It will take money, money, money, that we may send men, men, men.

Buy bonds, for so only can the war be won. Unless it is won, everything you possess is lost, and with it the American Soul is lost.

















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